

# THE Secrets of Angling

TEACHING,

the choicest Toolcs, Baytes and Seasons, for the taking  
Fish, in Pond or River: practised, and familiarly open  
in three Bookes. By I. D. Esquire.

Augmented with many approved experiments. By W. Latifon



Printed at London, for Iohn Iackson, and are to be sold  
his Shop in the Strand, at the signe of the Peacock.




## In due Praise of his Praise- worthy *Skill* and *Worke*.

**I**N *Skills* that *all* doe seeke, but *few* doe find  
Both *gaine* and *game*; (like *Sun* & *Moone* doe  
Then th' *art* of *fishing* thus, is of that kind; (shir  
The *Angler* taketh both with *Hook* and *Line*,  
And as with *Lines*, both these he takes; this tak  
With many a *Line*, wel made both *Eares* & *Ha*  
And, by this *skill*, the skill-lesse skill-full make  
The *Corpes* whereof dissected so he parts,  
Vpon an humble *Subject* never lay,  
More proud, yet plainer *Lines*, the *plaine* to lead  
This plainer *Art* with *pleasure* to surway,  
To purchase it with *profit*, by that *DEED* :  
Who thinke this *skill*'s too *low* than for the *high*  
This *Angler* read, and they'le be *taine* thereby

Io. DAVE



  
To the worthy, and my re-  
spected Friend,  
M<sup>r</sup>. IOHN HARBORNE,  
of Tackly, in the County of Oxford,  
ESQUIRE.

WORTHY SIR,

**T**His Poeme being sent unto me to bee  
printed after the Death of the Au-  
thor, who intended to have done it in  
his life, but was prevented by death: I could  
not among my good friends, bethinke me of  
any one to whom I might more fitly Dedicate  
it (as well for the nature of the subiect, in  
which you delight as to expresse my love) than  
to your selfe, I find it not onely savouring of  
Art and honesty, two things now strangers un-  
to many Authours, but also both pleasant and  
profitable; and being loath to see a thing of  
such value lie hidden in obscuritie, whilest  
matters of no moment pester the Stals of eve-

# The Epistle.

ry Stationer; I therefore make bould to publish it, for the benefit and delight of all, trusting that I shall neither thereby disparage the Authour, nor dislike them. I need not, I thinke, Appollogize either the use of the subject, or for that it is reduced into the nature of a Poeme for as touching the last (in that it is in verse) some count it by so much the more delightfull; and I hold it every way as fit a subiect for Poetry as Husbandry: and touching the first, if Hunting and Hawking have beene thought worthy delights, and Arts to be instructed in, I make no doubt but this Art of Angling is much more worthy practise and approbation, for it is a sport every way as pleasant, lesse chargable, more profitable, and nothing so much subiect to choller or impatience as those are: you shall finde it more briefly, pleasantly, and more exactly performed, then any of this kind heretofore. Therefore I referre you to the perusing thereof, and my selfe to your good opinion, which I tender as that I hold most deare; ever remaining at

your gentle Command. R. I.



## *To the Reader.*

**I**T may seem in me presumption to add this little Marginall Comment to the Worke of so worthy an Author. But Mr. *Iackson*, the Printers request and vertuous desire, to give his Country satisfaction, must be satisfied, and in it my selfe rest excused. What mine observations are I refer to censur, assuredly, the truth stands on so well grounded experience, that but my haste, nothing can doe them injury. What to me is doubtfull, I have as I can explained; what wants, in my judgement, I have supplied as the time would suffer: what I passe by I approv. The Author by verse hath expressed much learning & by his answer to the objection, shews himself to have been vertuous. The subject it selfe is honest, & pleasant, & sometimes profitable. Use it and give God all glory. *Amen.*

A 4     *W. Lauson.*



# The Contents.

The first Booke containeth these head s.

- 1 **T**He antiquity of Angling, with the art of fishing, and of Fishing in generall.
- 2 The lawfulnessse, pleasure, and profit thereof, with all Obejections, answered against it.
- 3 To know the season, and times to provide the tools, and how to choose the best, and the manner how to make them fit to take each severall Fish.

The second Booke containeth

- 1 **T**He Anglers experience, how to use his tools and Bayts, to make profit by his game.
- 2 What fish is not taken with angle, and what is: and what is best for health.
- 3 In what waters and rivers to finde each fish.

The third book, containeth

- 1 **T**He 12. vertues' and qualities which ought to be in every Angler.
  - 2 What weather seasons, and time of the year is best and worst, and what hours of the day is best for sport.
  - 3 To know each fishes haunt, and the times to take them.
- Also an obscure secret, of an approved Baite, tending thereunto.

The

THE  
SECRETS  
of Angling.

*The first Booke.*



*O* *F Angling*, and the art thereof I  
What kinde of tooles (sing,  
It doth behov to have; (may bring  
And with what pleasing bait a mā  
The fish to bite within the warry  
A work of thanks to such as in a thing (wave  
Of harmeleffe pleasure have regard to save  
Their dearest soules from sin and may intend  
Of precious time, some part thereon to spend.

You *Nymphs* that in the springs and waters sweet  
Your dwelling have, of every hill and dale,  
And oft amidst the meadows greene doe meet,  
To sport and play, and heare the *Nightingale*,  
And in the Rivers fresh do wash your feete,  
While *Progne*s sister tels her wofull tale:  
Such aide and power unto my verses lend,  
As may suffice this little work to end.

And

# The first Booke

*\*The name of a brooke.* And thou sweet \* *Boyd* that with thy watry sway  
Dost wash the cliffes of *Deington* and of *Week*;  
And through their Rocks with crooked winding  
Thy mother *Anon* runnest soft to seek: (way  
In whose faire streames the speckled *Trout* doe  
The *Roch*, the *Dace*, the *Gudgin*, & the *Bleik*. (play  
Teach me the skill with slender line and hook  
To take each fish of River, Pond, and Brooke.

## The time for providing Angle Rods.

First, when the Sun beginneth to decline  
Southward his course, with his faire Chariot  
And passed hath heaven the midle Line, (brigh  
That makes of equall length both day and night  
And left behind his back the dreadfull signe,  
Of cruel *Centaure*, slaine in drunken fight, (song  
When beasts doe mourn and birds forsake the  
And every creature thinks the night too long

And blustering *Boreas* with his chilling cold,  
Unclothed hath the trees of Sommers green;  
And woods, and groves, are naked to behold,  
Of leaves and branches now dispoiled cleane:  
So that their fruitfull stocks they do unfold,  
And lay abroad their off-spring to be seen;  
Where nature shews her great increase of kind  
To such as seek her tender shutes to finde.

The



## of the secretsof Angling.

Then goe in some great *Arcadian* wood,  
Where store of ancient *Hazells* doe abound  
And seeke among their springs and tender brood,  
Such sheutes as are the straightest, long & round:  
And of them all (store up what you think good)  
But fairest choose, the smoothest, and most sound;  
So that they doe not two yeares growth exceed,  
In shape and beautie like the *Belgicke* Reed.

These prune and clense of every leafe and spray,  
Yet leave the tender top remaining still?  
Then home with thee goe beare them safe away,  
But perish not the rine and utter pill; (\*)  
And on some even boarded floore them lay, (I)  
Where they may drie and season at their fill:  
And place upon their crooked parts some waight  
To presse them downe, & keepe them plaine and  
(straight.

(\*) *Beath them a little, except the top, all in a Furnace, they will be lighter, and not top-heavie: which is a great fault in a rod.*

(I) *Tie them together at every bought, and they will one keepe another straight.*

So shalt thou have always in store the best,  
And fittest rods to serve thy turne aright;  
For not the brittle *Cane*, nor all the rest,  
I like so well, though it be long and light,

Since

# The first Booke.

Since that the fish are frighted with the least  
Aspect of any glittering thing, or white: (2)

Nor doth it by one halfe so well incline,  
As doth the plyant rod to save the line. (3)

(2) *White or gray are likest the skye, and therefore of  
all other colours offend the least.*

(3) *Besides the fish discernes it, and are put away  
with the stifnesse of the rod: whereas on the contrary,  
the weak rod yeelds liberty to the fish, without  
suspition, to run away with the bait at his pleasure.*

## To make the Line.

**T**Hen get good haire, so that it be not blacke,  
Neither of Mare nor Gelding let it be:

Nor of the tyreling jide that bares the pack:

But of some lustie Horse or courser free,

Whose bushie taile upon the ground doth track,

Like blazing Comet that sometimes we see:

From out the midst thereof the longest take,

At leasure best your links and lines to make.

Then twist them finely, as you thinke most meet,  
By skill or practise easie to be found;

As doth *Atadne* with her slender feete. (4)

Draw forth her little thread along the ground;

But not to hard or slack, the meane is sweet,

Least

## of the secrets of Angling.

Least slacke they snarle, or hard they prove un-  
And intermixt with silver, silke, or gold (sound  
The tender hayres, the better so to hold. (5)

(4) Knit the hayres you meane to put in one linke, at  
the rods end, and devide them as equally as you can,  
put your three lowest fingers betwixt, and twine the  
knot and your linke shall be equally twist, if you wet  
your haire, it will twine better, A nimble hand, a  
weake and light rod, that may be easily guided with  
one hand need but foure or five haire as the most, for  
the greatest River Fish, though a Salmon or Luce, so  
you have length enough, and except the Luce and  
Salmon, three will suffice.

(5) Intermixing with silver or gold, is not good; be-  
cause, First the thred & haire are not of equall reach.  
Secondly, the colours differing from the haire, or  
flie, affrights the Fish.

Thirdly, they will not bed & twist with the haire.

Then end to end as falleth to their lot,  
Let all your Linkes in order as they lie,  
Be knit together, with that fishers knot,  
That will not slip, or with the wet untie :  
And at the lowest end, forget it not,  
To leave a Bout or compasse like an eye,  
The Linke that holds your hooke to hang upon,  
When you thinke good to take it off and on.

(6) An upper end also, to put it too and free the rod.  
Which



## The first Booke

Which Linke must neither be so great nor strong,  
Nor like of colour as the others were; (7)  
Scant halfe so big, so that it be as long :  
Of grayest Hue, and of the soundest Hayre,  
Least while it hangs the liquid waves among,  
The sight thereof the warie Fish should feare.  
And at one end a Loope or Compasse fine,  
To fasten to the other of your Line.

(7) *The same colour : (to wit graie like the skie) the like bignes and strength is good for all the line, and every linke thereof, weight is hurtfull, so unequall strength causeth the weakest to breake.*

### Corke.

**T**Hen take good Corke, so much as shall suffice  
For every Line to make his swimmer fit; (8)  
And where the midst, and thickest parts doe rise,  
There burne a round small hole quite thorow it :  
And put therein a Quill of equall size ;  
But take good heed the Corke you doe not slit :  
Then round or square with Rasor pare it neare,  
Pyramid-wise, or like a slender Peare.

(8) *I utterly dislike your Southern Corks. First, for they affright the fish, in the bite and sight, and because they follow not so kindly, the nimble rod and hand, Secondly, they breed weight to the line, which puts it*

## Of the secrets of Angling.

in danger, and hinders the nimble jerk of the rod, and loads the arme,

A good eye and hand may easily discern the bite.

The smaller end doth serve to sink more light,  
Into the water with the plummet's sway;  
The greater swims aloft and stands upright,  
To keepe the line and bait at even stay,  
That when the fish begins to nib and bite,  
The moving of the float doth them bewray:

These may you place upon your lines at will,  
And stop them with a white & handsome Quill.

### Hooks.

Then buy your hooks the finest and the best  
That may be had of such as use to sell, (9)  
And from the greatest to the very least  
Of every sort pick out and chuse them well,  
Such as in shape and making passe the rest,  
And do for strength and soundnes most excell:  
Then in a little boxe of dryest wood  
From rust and canker keep them faire and good.

(9) I use to make mine owne hooks, so shall I have  
them of the best Spanish and Millan needles of what  
size bent or sharpnesse, and I like as I need. Soften  
your needles in an hot fire in a Chafer.

The

# The first Booke

The instruments. First an hold-fast.

Secondly, an Hammer to flat the place for the beard.

Thirdly, a File to make the beard, and sharpen the point.

Fourthly, A bender: viz. A Pin bended, put in the end of a stick, an handfull long, thus.

When they are made lap them in the end of a wire, and heat them againe, and temper them in oyle or Butter.

That Hooke I love that is incompass round  
Like to the print that Pegasus did make,  
With horned hoofe upon Thessalian ground;  
From whence forthwith Parnassus spring out brake  
That doth in pleasant waters so abound:  
And of the Muses oft the thirst doth slake,  
Who on his fruitfull bankes doe sit and sing,  
That all the world of their sweet tunes doth ring.

(10) The best forme for ready striking and sure holding and strength, is a strait and somewhat long shank and strait nib'd, with a little compasse.

not round in any wise

neither strikes furly nor

as having to great a compas, some use to batter it upper end thus

thred or silke

for it

readily but is weak

to hold the faster: but good

good band may make it fast enough



## of the secrets of Angling.

nough, it is but cherly, hinders the biting & sometime cuts the line.

Or as *Thaumantis*, when she list to shroud  
Her selfe against the parching Sunny ray,  
Vnder the mantle of some stormy cloud;  
Where she her sundry colours doth display  
Like *Iuno's* Bird, of her faire garments proud,  
That *Rhebus* gave her on her marriage day:  
Shewes forth her goodly Circle faire and wide,  
To mortall wights that wonder at her pride.

His *Shank* should neither be too short nor long, (11)  
His point not over sharpe, nor yet too dull:  
The substance good that may indure from wrong,  
His needle slender, yet both round and full,  
Made of the right *Iberian* mettall strong,  
That will not stretch, nor breake at every pull,  
Wrought smooth and cleane withouten crack or  
And bearded like the wilde *Arabian* goat. (knot

(11) He meanes the hooke may be too weak at the point, it cannot be too sharpe if the mettall be good steel.

Then let your Hooke be sure and strongly plaste  
Vnto your lowest Linke with Silke or Haire,  
Which you may doe with often overcast,  
so that you draw the Bowts together neere,

B

And

## The third Booke

And with both ends make all the other fast,  
That no bare place or rising knot appeare;  
Then on that Linke hang Leads of even waight  
To raise your floate, and carry down your baite.

Thus have you *Rod, Line, Float* and *Hooke*;  
The *Rod* to strike, when you shall thinke it fit,  
The *Line* to leade the Fish with wary skill,  
The *Float* and *Quill* to warne you of the bit;  
The *Hooke* to hold him by the chap or gill,  
*Hooke, Line, and Rod*, all guided to your wit.

Yet there remaines of Fishing tooles to tell,  
Some other sorts that you must have as well.

### *Other fishing tooles.*

**A** Little Boord, the lightest you can find, (12)  
But not so thin that it will breake or bend,  
Of *Cypres* sweet, or of some other kinde,  
That like a Trencher shall it selfe extend:  
Made smooth & plaine, your lines thereon to wind  
With Bartlements at every other end:  
Like to the Bulwarke of some antient Towne,  
As well-wall'd *Sylchester* now razed downe.

(12) Or winde them on two or three of your fingers, like an *Orph-Arions* string.

A Shooe

## of the secrets of Angling.

A shooe to beare the crawling wormes therein,  
With hole above to hang it by your side, (13)  
A hollow Cane that must be light and thin,  
Wherein the *Bobbe* and *Palmer* shall abide,  
Which must be stopped with an handsome pin,  
Lest out againe your baites doe hap to slide.

A little box that covered close shall lye,  
To keepe therein the busie winged flye.

(13) *Worme poake of cloath, or boxes.*

Then must you have a plummet, formed round,  
Like to the pellet of a birding bow: (14)

Wherewith you may the secret'st waters sound,  
And set your float thereafter, high or low,  
Till you the depth thereof have truly found,  
And on the same a twisted thread bestow,  
At your owne will, to hang it on your hooke,  
And so to let it downe into the brooke.

(14) *A Plummet you need not, for your line being wel leaded & without a float, will try your depths. When the lead above your hooke comes to the earth, the Line will leave sinking.*


Of Lead likewise yet must you have a Ring,  
Whose whole diameter in length containes (15)  
Three inches full, and fastned to a string  
That must be long and sure, if need constraines:



## The first Booke

Through whose round hole you shall your Angle  
And let it fall into the watry plaine: (bring

Vntill he come the weeds and stickes unto,  
From whence your hooke it serueth to undo.

(15) That's good, but a forked rod about two yard  
long is better, when your hook is fastned in the water  
take a rod thus fashioned   
and put the line in the fork and so follow down to your  
hooke, and so letting your line be somewhat slacke  
move your forke to and fro, especially downwards, and  
so shall your hooke be loose.

Have tools good store to serve your turn withall,  
Lest that you happen some to lose or breake;  
As in great waters oft it doth befall,  
When that the hook is nought, or line too weake,  
And waxed thread, or filke, so it be small,  
To set them on, that if you list to wreake  
Your former losse, you may supply the place,  
And not returne with sorrow and disgrace.

Have twist likewise, so that it be not white, (16)  
Your rod to mend, or broken top to tye;  
For all white colours doe the Fishes fright,  
And make them from the bait away to flye;  
A file to mend your hooks, both small and light,  
A good sharp knife your girdle hanging by,  
A Pouch

## *of the secrets of Angling.*

A Pouch with many parts and purses thin,  
To carry all your Toolles and Trinkets in.

(16) *White and gray is good, answering the colours  
of the Skie.*

Yet must you have a little Rip beside,  
Of willow twigs, the finest you can wish ;  
Which shall be made so handsome and so wide  
As may containe good store of sundry fish :  
And yet with ease be hanged by your side,  
To bring them home the better to your dish.

A little Net that on a Pole shall stand,  
The mighty Pyke or heavie Carpe to land.

*His severall Toolles, and what garment is fittest.*

**A**Nd let your garments ruffet be, or gray,  
Of colour darke, and hardest to decay ;  
That with the raine or weather will away,  
And least offend the fearfull fishes eye :  
For neither Scarlet, nor rich cloth of ray,  
Nor colours dipt in fresh *Affryan* dye,  
Nor tender filkes, of purple, Paule, or gold,  
Will serve so well to keepe off wet or cold.

In this aray the *Angler* good shall goe  
Vnto the brooke to finde his wished game;

## The third Booke

Like old *Menalcus* wandring to and fro,  
Vntill he chance to light upon the same,  
And there his art and cunning shall bestow,  
For every fish his bait so well to frame,  
That long ere *Phœbus* set in Westerne some,  
He shall returne well loaden to his home.

### Objection.

SOME youthfull Gallant here perhaps will say,  
This is no pastime for a Gentleman,  
It were more fit at Cards and Dice to play,  
To use both fence and dancing now and than;  
Or walke the streets in nice and strange aray,  
Or with coy phrases court his mistris fan,  
A poore delight with toyle and painfull watch  
With losse of time a silly fish to catch.

What pleasure can it be to walke about  
The fields and meades in heat or pinching cold?  
And stand all day to catch a silly *Trout*,  
That is not worth a teaster to be sold,  
And peradventure sometimes goe without:  
Besides the toiles and troubles manifold:  
And to be washt with many a showre of raine,  
Before he can returne from thence againe?

More ease it were, and more delight I trow,  
In some sweet house to passe the time away,  
Amongst



## *of the Secretsof Angling.*

Amongst the best, with brave and gallant show,  
And with faire dames to daunce, to sport & play,  
And on the board the nimble dice to throw,  
That brings in gaine, and helps the shot to pay,  
And with good wine and store o f dainty fare,  
To feede at will and take but little care,

### *A worthy Answer.*

**I** Meane not here mens errors to reprove,  
Nor doe envie their seeming happy state;  
But rather marvell why they do not love  
An honest sport that is without debate;  
Since their abused pastimes often move  
Their mindes to anger and to mortall hate:  
And as in bad delights their time they spend,  
So oft it brings them to no better end.

Indeede it is a life of lesser paine,  
To sit at play from noone till it be night:  
And then from night till it be noone againe,  
With damned oathes pronounced in despight,  
For little cause and every trifle vaine,  
To curse, to brawle, to quarell, and to fight,  
To pack the Cards, and with some cozning trick  
His fellowes purse of all his coine to picke.

Or to beguile another of his Wife,  
As did *Aghistus Agamemnon* serve:

# The first Booke

Or as that Roman\* Monarch led a life      \*Nero  
To spoile and spend, while others pine and sterue,  
And to compell their friends with foolish strife,  
To take more drinke then will their health pre-  
And to conclude for debt or just desert, (serue  
In for tune to sing the Counter-part.

O let me rather on the pleasant Brinke  
Of *Tyne* and *Trent* possesse some dwelling place;  
Where I may see my Quill & Corke downe sink,  
With eager bit of *Barbell*, *Bleike*, or *Dace*:  
And on the world and his creatour think,  
While they proud *Thais* painted sheet embrace,  
And with the fume of strong *Tobacco's* smoke,  
All quaffing round are ready for to choke.

Let them that list these pastimes then pursue,  
And on their pleasing fancies feede their fill;  
So I the Fields and Meadewes Greene may view,  
And by the Rivers fresh may walke at will,  
Among the *Dazies* and the *Violets* blew:  
Red *Hyacinth*, and yellow *Daffadill*,  
Purple *Narcissus*, like the morning rayes,  
Pale *Ganderglas*, and azor *Culverkayes*.

I count it better pleasure to behold  
The goodly compasse of the lofty Skie,  
And in the midst thereof like burning gold

The

## of the secrets of Angling.

The flaming Chariot of the worlds great eye;  
The watry cloudes that in the aire uprol'd  
With sundry kindes of painted colours flye;  
And faire *Aurora* lifting up her head,  
All blushing rise from old *Tithonus* bed.

The hills and Mountaines raised from the Plaines,  
The plaines extended leuell with the ground,  
The ground divided into sundry vaines,  
The vaines enclos'd with running rivers round,  
The rivers making way through natures chaine,  
With headlong course into the sea profound:  
The surging Sea beneath the valleys low,  
The valleys sweet, and lakes that lovely flow.

The lofty woods, the Forrests wide and long,  
Adorn'd with leaves and branches fresh & green,  
In whose cool brow's the birds with chanting song  
Do welcom with their quire the *Summers* queen,  
The meadowes faire where *Flora's* gifts among,  
Are intermixt the verdant grasse betweene,  
The silver skaled fish that softly swimme,  
Within the brookes and Christall warry brim.

All these and many more of his creation,  
That made the heavens the *Angler* oft doth see  
And takes therein no little delectation,  
To thinke how strange and wondefull they be,  
Framing



## The third Booke

Framing thereof an inward contemplation,  
To set his thoughts on other fancies free,  
And whiles he lookes on these with joyfull eie,  
His minde is rapt above the starry skye.

*The Author of Angling, Poeticall fictions,*

**B**Vt how this art of angling did begin,  
And who the use thereof and practise found,  
How many times and ages since have bin,  
Wherein the Sun hath dayly compass round  
The circle that the signes twice fixe are in:  
And yeelded yearly comfort to the ground,  
It were too hard for me to bring about,  
Since *Ovid* wrote not all that story out.

Yet to content the willing Readers eare,  
I will not spare the sad report to tell,  
When good *Dencalion* and his *Pyrrha* deare,  
Were onely left upon the earth to dwell,  
Of all the rest that overwhelmed were  
With that great Floud which in their daies befell,  
Wherein the compasse of the world so round  
Both man & beast with waters deep were dround

Betweene themselves they wept and made great  
How to repaire againe the wofull fall (moane  
Of all mankind, whereof they two alone  
The remnant were, and wretched portion small,

But

## *of the secrets of Angling.*

But any meanes or hope in them was none,  
That might restore so great a losse withall,  
Since they were aged, and in yeares so run,  
That now almost their thread of life was spun.

Vntill at last they saw whereas they stood  
An ancient Temple, wasted and forlorne ;  
Whose holy fires, and sundry offerings good,  
The late outrageous waves away had borne :  
But when at length downe false was the flood,  
The waters low it proudly gan to scorne.

Vnto that place they thought it best to goe,  
The counsell of the goddesse there to know.

For long before that fearfull Deluge great,  
The universall Earth had overflowne,  
A heavenly power there placed had her seat,  
And answers gave of hidden things unknowne :  
Thither they went her favour to entreat, (blown,  
Whose fame throughout that coast abroad was  
By her advice some way or meane to finde,  
How to renew the race of humane kinde.

Prostrate they fell upon the sacred ground,  
Kissing the stones, and shedding many a teare,  
And lowly bent their aged bodies downe  
Vnto the earth, with sad and heaue cheare,  
Praying the Saint with soft and dolefull sound,

That

# *The first Booke*

That she vouchsafe their humble suit to heare.

The goddesse heard, and bade them go and take  
Their mothers bones, and throw behinde their  
(back.

This Oracle obscure and darke of sense,  
Amazed much their minds with fear and doubt,  
What kinde of meaning might bee drawne from  
And how to understand and find it out, (thence;  
How with so great a sin they might dispence,  
Their parents bones to cast and throw about :

Thus when they had long time in study spent,  
Out of the Church with carefull thought they  
(went.

And now beholding better every place,  
Each Hill and Dale, each River, Rock, and Tree,  
And musing thereupon a little space, (be,  
They thought the Earth their mother well might  
And that the stones that lay before their face,  
To be her bones did nothing her disgrace :

Wherefore to prove if it were false or true,  
The scattered stones behinde their backes they  
(threw.

Forthwith the stones, a wondrous thing to heare,  
Began to move, as they had life conceiv'd,  
And waxed greater then at first they were;  
And more and more the shape of man receiv'd,  
Till every part most plainly did appeare,  
That neither eye nor sense could be deceiv'd.

They



## *of the secrets of Angling.*

They heard, they spake they went. & walked too  
As other living men are wont to doe.

Thus was the earth replenished anew,  
With people strange sprung up with little pain,  
Of whose increase the progeny that grew,  
Did soone supply the empty world againe;  
But now a greater care there did insue,  
How such a mighty number to maintaine,  
Since food there was not any to be found,  
For that great flood had all destroyd & drownd

Then did *Deucalion* first the art invent  
Of *Angling*, and his people taught the same;  
And to the woods & groves with them he went,  
Fit tooles to finde for this most needfull game;  
There from the trees the longest rindes they rent,  
Wherwith strōg lines they roughly twist & frame  
And of each crook of hardest bush & brake  
They made them hooks the hungry fish to take.

And to intice them to the eager bir,  
Dead frogs and flies of sundry sorts he took;  
And snailles and worms, such as he found most fit,  
Wherein to hide the close and deadly hooke;  
And thus with practise and inventive wit,  
He found the meanes in every lake and brooke,  
Such store of fish to take with little pain,  
As did long time this people new sustaine.

## The third Booke

In this rude sort began this simple Art,  
And so remain'd in that first age of old,  
When *Saturne* did *Amaltheas* horne impart  
Vnto the world, that then was all of gold;  
The fish as yet had felt but little smart,  
And were to bite more eager, apt, and bold,  
And plenty still supply'd the place againe  
Of wofull want, whereof we now complaine.

But when in time the feare and dread of man  
Fell more and more on every living thing,  
And all the creatures of the world began  
To stand in awe of this usurping King,  
Whose tyranny so farre extended than,  
That Earth and Seas it did in thraldome bring;  
It was a worke of greater paine and skill,  
The wary fish in Lake or Brooke to kill.

So worse and worse two ages more did passe,  
Yet still this Art more perfect daily grew,  
For then the slender rod invented was,  
Of finer sort then former ages knew,  
And hookes were made of silver and of brasse,  
And Lines of hemp and flax were framed new,  
And sundry baits experience found out more,  
Then elder times did know or try before.

But

## *of the secrets of Angling.*

But at the last the Iron-age grew neere,  
Of all the rest the hardest and more scant,  
Then Lines were made of Silke and subtile haire  
And Rods of lightest Canes and Hazell plant,  
And Hookees of hardest Steele invented were,  
That neither skill nor workman-ship did want,  
And so this art did in the end attaine,  
Vnto that state where now it doth remaine.

But here my weary *Muse* a while must rest,  
That is not used to so long a way;  
And breath, or pause a little at the least  
At this Lands end, untill another day,  
And then againe, if so she thinke it best,  
Our taken-taske afresh we will assay,  
And forward goe as first we did intend,  
Till that we come vnto our journeyes end.

*The end of the first Book.*

*The*





## *The second Booke.*

(f)  
**B**Efore, I taught what kind of tooles were  
For him to have that would an *Angler* be:  
And how he should with practise and with witt  
Provide himselfe thereof in best degree:  
Now doth remaine to shew how to the bit  
The Fishes may be brought, that earst were free,  
And with what pleasing bates intis'd they are  
To swallow downe the hidden Hooke unware

### *Baites.*

**I**T were not meet to send a Hunts-man out  
Into the Woods, with Net, with Gin, or Hay,  
To trace the brakes, and bushes all about,  
The *Stag*, the *Foxe*, or *Badger* to betray:  
If having found his game he stand in doubt  
Which way to pitch, or where his snares to lay,  
And with what traine he may entise withall  
The fearefull beast into his trap to fall.

## *of the secrets of Angling.*

So, though the *Angler* have good store of tooles,  
And them with skill in finest sort can frame;  
Yet when he comes to Rivers, Lakes, and Pooles,  
If that he know not how to use the same,  
And with what baite to make the fishes fooles,  
He may goe home as wise as out he came,  
And of his comming boast himselfe as well  
As he that from his fathers Chariot fell.

Not that I take upon me to impart  
More then by others hath before been told;  
Or that the hidden secrets of this art  
I would unto the vulgar sort unfold,  
Who peradventure for my paines desert  
Would count me worthy *Balam's* horse to hold:  
But onely to the willing learner show  
So much thereof as may suffice to know.

But here, O *Neptune*, that with triple Mace  
Doeft rule the raging of the *Ocean* wide,  
I meddle not with thy deformed race  
Of monsters huge, that in those waves abide:  
With that great Whale that by three whole daies  
The man of God did in his belly hide, (space,  
And cast him out upon the *Euxin* shore,  
As safe and sound as he had beene before.

## The third Booke

Nor with that *Orke* that on *Cephaan* strand  
Would have devour'd *Andromeda* the faire,  
Whom *Persens* slew with strong and valiant hand  
Delivering her from danger and despaire,  
The *Hurlpoole* huge that higher then the land,  
Whole streames of water spouteth in the ayre,  
The *Porpois* large that playing swims on hie,  
Pretending stormes or other tempests nie.

Nor that admirer of sweet Musicks sound,  
That on his back *Arion* bore away,  
And brought to shore out of the Seas profound,  
The *Hippotame* that like an horse doth neigh,  
The *Mors*, that from the rocks inrolled round,  
Within his teeth himselfe doth safe convey:  
The *Tortoise* covered with his target hard,  
The *Tuberon* attended with his guard.

Nor with that fish that beareth in his snout  
A ragged sword, his foes to spoile and kill;  
Nor that fierce *Thrasher*, that doth fling about  
His nimble flayle, and handles him at will,  
The ravenous *Shark* that with the sweepings out  
And filth of Ships doth oft his belly fill,  
The *Albacore* that followeth night and day  
The flying Fish, and takes them for his prey.

The



## of the secrets of Angling.

The *Crocodile* that weeps when he doth wrong,  
The *Hollibut* that hurts the appetite,  
The *Turbut* broad, the *Sceale*, the *Sturgeon* strong  
The *Cod* and *Cozze*, that greedy are to bite,  
The *Haake*, the *Haddocke*, and the *Conger* long,  
The yellow *Ling*, the *Milvell* faire and white,  
The spreading *Ray*, the *Thornback* thin and flat,  
The boysterous *Base*, the hoggish *Tunny* fat.

These kindes of fish that are so large of size,  
And many more that here I leave untold,  
Shall goe for me, and all the rest likewise,  
That are the focke of *Proteus* watry fold:  
For well I thinke my Hooks would not suffice,  
Nor slender Lines the least of these to hold.  
I leave them therefore to the surging Seas,  
In that huge depth, to wander at their ease.

And speake of such as in the fresh are found,  
The little *Roach*, the *Menise* biting fast,  
The slymie *Tench*, the slender *Smelt* and round,  
The *Vmber* sweet, the *Graveling* good of taste,  
The wholesome *Ruffe*, the *Barbell* not so sound,  
The *Pearch* and *Pike* that all the rest doe waste,  
The *Bream*, the *Carpe*, the *Chub* and *Chavandar*  
And many more that in fresh waters are.

## The second Booke

Sit then *Thalia* on some pleasant banke,  
Among so many as faire *Avon* hath,  
And marke the *Anglers* how they march in rank,  
Some out of *Bristol*, some from healthfull *Bath*;  
How all the rivers sides along they flanke,  
And through the meadowes make their wonted  
See how their wit & cunning they apply, (path:  
To catch the fish that in the waters lye.

*For the Goodgion. (17)*

**L**oe in a little boat where one doth stand,  
That to a Willow bough the while is tide,  
And with a pole doth stirre and raise the sand,  
Whereas the gentle streame doth softly slide,  
And then with slender Line and Rod in hand,  
The eager bit not long he doth abide.

Well leaded is his Line, his Hook but small,  
A good big Cork to beare the streame withall.

(17) *The Goodgion hath his teeth in his throat, (as also the Chub) & lives by much sucking, he is a dainty Fish, like, or neere as good as the Sparlin.*

His bait the least red worrne that may be found,  
And at the bottome it doth alwayes lye;  
Whereat the greedy *Goodgion* bites so sound,  
That hooke and all he swalloweth by and by:

Sea

## *of the secrets of Angling.*

See how he strikes, and puls them up as round,  
As if new store the play did still supply :  
And when the bit doth die, or bad doth prove,  
Then to another place he doth remove.

This fish the fittest for a learner is,  
That in this art delights to take some pain ;  
For as high flying Haukes that often misse  
The swifter fowles, are eased with a traine,  
So to a young beginner yeeldeth this  
Such ready sport as makes him prove againe,  
And leades him on with hope and glad desire,  
To greater skill and cunning to aspire.

### *For the Roche.*

**T**Hen see on yonder side where one doth sit  
With line well twisted, & his hook but small;  
His corke not big, his plummetts round and fit,  
His bait of finest paste, a little ball (18)  
Wherewith he doth intice unto the bit  
The carelesse *Roche*, that soone is caught withall :  
Within a foot the fame doth reach the ground,  
And with least touch the float straight sinketh  
(downe.

(18) *The Roche is one of the meanest.*

And as a skilfull Fowler that doth use  
The flying birds of any kinde to take,



## The third Booke

The fittest and the best doth alwayes chuse,  
Of many sorts a pleasing stale to make,  
Which if he doth perceiue they doe refuse,  
And of mislike abandon and forsake,  
To win their love againe, and get their grace  
Forthwith doth put another in the place.

So for the *Roche*, more baites he hath beside,  
As of a sheepe the thicke congealed blood,  
Which on a board he vseth to deuide  
In portions small, to make them fit and good,  
That better on his hooke they may abide:  
And of the waspe the white and tender brood,  
And wormes that breed on every hearbe & tree.  
And sundry flies that quicke and lively bee.

### *For the Dace.*

(grow,  
**T**hen looke whereas that Poplar gray doth  
Hard by the same where one doth closly stand  
And with the wind his hook & baite doth throw  
Amid the streame with slender hazell wand,  
Whereas hee sees the *Dace* themselves doe show,  
His eye is quicke, and ready is his hand;  
And when the fish doth rise to catch the baite,  
He presently doth stricke, and takes her staight.

O worlds deceit! how are wee thral'd by thee,  
That doest thy gall in sweetest pleasures hide?

When

## of the secretsof Angling.

When most we thinke in happiest state to be,  
Then doe we soonest into danger slide,  
Behold the fish that even now was free,  
Vnto the deadly hooke how he is tide:  
So vaine delights allure us to the snare,  
Wherein unwares we fast intangled are.

### For the Carp.

**B**ut now again see where another stands, (bend  
And straines his rod that double seems to  
Loe how he leads and guides him with his hands,  
Lest that his Line should breake or angle rend,  
Then with a net see how at last he lands,  
A mighty *Carpe*, and has him in the end,  
So large he is of body, scale and bone,  
The rod and all have like to had beene gone.

Marke what a line he hath, well made and strong,  
Of *Bucephall*, or *Bayards* strongest haire,  
Twisted with Greene or watched silke among,  
Like hardest twine, that holds th'intangled deare,  
Not any force of fish will doe it wrong,  
In *Tyne*, or *Trent*, or *Thame* he needs not feare:  
The knots of every linke are knit so sure,  
That many a plucke and pull they may indure.

## The second Booke.

His corke is large, made handfom, smooth, & fine,  
The leads according fit and close thereto,  
A good round hook set on with silken twine,  
That will not slip nor easily undoe:  
His bait great worms that long in mosse have bin,  
When by his side he beareth in a shooe:  
Or paste wherwith he feeds him oft before,  
That at the bottome lies a foot or more.

### *For the Chub and Trout.*

See where another hides himselfe as flye,  
As did *Acteon*, or the fearfull Deere;  
Behinde a Withy, and with a watchfull eye,  
Attends the bit within the water cleare,  
And on the top thereof doth move his flye,  
With skillfull hand, as if he living were. (19)  
Loe how the *Chub*, the *Roch*, the *Dace*, & *Trout*,  
To catch thereat doe gaze and swimme about.

(19) *Diversly, for the Trout is a ravening Fish,*  
*and at that time of the day comes from his hole if he*  
*comes at all.*

His Rod or Cane made darke for being seen,  
The lesse to feare the wary fish withall,  
His Line well twisted is, and wrought so cleane  
That being strong yet doth it shew but small.

His



# of the secrets of Angling.

His Hooke not great, nor little, but between (20)  
That light upon the watry brimme may fall,  
The Line in length scant halfe the Rod exceeds,  
And neither Corke, nor Leade thereon it needs.

(20) The Trout makes the Angler most gentleman-  
lie & readiest sport of all other fishes, if you angle with  
a made flie, & a Line twice your rods length or more  
(in a plaine water without wood) of three hairs, in a  
darke windy day from mid afternoon, & have learned  
the cast of the flie: your flie must counterfait the may-  
flie, which is bred of the Cod-baite, and is called the  
Water-flie, you must change his colour every moneth,  
beginning with a darke white, & so grow to a yellow,  
the forme cannot so well be put on a paper, as it may  
be taught by sight: yet it will be like this forme.



The head is of black silk or haire, the wings of a fea-  
ther of a mallart, teal, or peckled hen-wing. The body  
of cruell according to the month for colour, & run a-  
bout with a black haire: all fastned at the taile, with  
the thred that fastned the hok you must fish in; or hard  
by the stream, and have a quick hand & a ready eye,  
& a rimple rod. strike with him, or you loose him. If  
the wind be rough, and trouble the crust of the water,  
hee will take it in the plaine deeps, and then, & there  
commonly

## The third Booke

comonly the greatest will arise. When you have hooked him, give him leave, keeping your Line streight, and hold him from rootes, and he will tyre himselfe. This is the chiefe pleasure of Angling. This Flye and two linkes among wood, or close by a bush, moved in the vrust of the water, is deadly in an evening, if you come close. This is called busking for Trouts.

Cad baite is a worrne bred under stones in a shallow River, or in some out-runner of the River, where the streame runs not strongly, in a black shale. They stick by heapes on the low side of a great stone, lying hollow. They be ripe in the beginning of May, they are past with Iuly, they be yellow when they be ripe, and haue a black head. This is a deadly bait for a Trout, either a loft, or at the ground, if your tools be fine & you come close, for the Trout of all other fish, is most afrighted with sight. And indeed it would be considered, that fish are afraid of any extraordinary motion or sight of what colour soever, except the Pike, which wil lye open in your sight, on a Sun shine day till you halter him.

The Trout will take also the worrne, Menise, or any bayt: so will the Pike, save that he wil not take the Fly

For the Trout and Eele.

(fall,  
**N**OW see some standing where the stream doth  
with headlong course behind the sturdy weer  
That

## of the secrets of Angling.

That overthwait the river like a wall (21)  
The water stops, and strongly up doth beare,  
And at the tailes of Mills and arches small,  
Whereas the shoot is swift, and not too cleare,  
The lines in length not twice above an ell,  
But with good store of lead, and twisted well.

### (21) The Eele.

**T** Here be divers ways to catch the wrinkling Eele,  
your line must be stronger six or seven hairs, and  
your hook according, for she must upon the hooking  
presently be drawne forth with force, otherwise she fa-  
stens her selfe with her taylor about a root or stone or  
such like, and so you lose your labour, your hook and  
the fish. The worrne or menise, is her common bait.

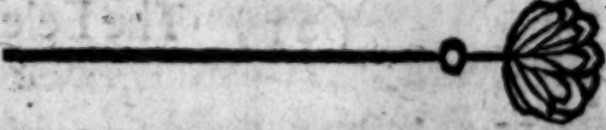
There is a way to catch Eeles by brogling thus: take  
a rod small & rough, of Sallow, Hasell or such like, a  
yard long as big as a bean stalk, in the smal end there  
of make a nick or clift with a knife, in which nick put  
your strong (but a little) hook baited with a red worm  
& made sure to a line of ten or twelve good hairs, and  
but easily, that the Eele may pul it out and goe into  
some shallow place of the river among the great stones  
and braggle up and down till you find holes under the  
stones, and there put in your hook so baited with your  
rod send, and the Eele under the stone wil not faile to  
take your hook: gine her time to put it over, and then  
if



## The Second Booke

if your strength will serve, shee is your owne.

There is a third usuall way to catch Eeles, called Bobbing. Vpon a long and double strong thred, two yards long, or thereabouts, spit so many great red wormes (gotten in a summers evening with a candle) as the thred will hold lengthway thorow the midst & link them about your hand like a rope, thus, and fasten these to a long goads end with a



sord as long as your

rod, and a great plummet of lead an handfull above the Bob: and in a troubled or flooded river, in a deep runne, or by a streame side, let it fall within a hand breadth of the ground, and then shall you sensibly feel a multitude of Eeles, all in that pit, like so many dogs at a carrion, tug and pull; now at your good time, when you think that every Eele hath got a link and swallowed it up (like so many ducks the intrales of a pullet) draw up very easily, and they will follow working and pulling, till you have them neare the crust, and then amaine hoist them to land; this is the readiest way where Eeles are plentiful to catch many.

For the Trout, you shall find in the root of a great docke, a white worme with a red head, with this fish for a Trout at the ground.

Round handsome hooks that will not breake nor  
The big red worm wel scoured is their bait (bend  
Which

## of the secrets of Angling.

Which down unto the bottome doth descend,  
Whereas the *Trout* and *Eele* doth lye in wait,  
And to their feeding busily intend, (straight.  
Which when they see they snatch and swallow  
Vpon their lines is neither cork nor quill, (still.  
But when they feele them pluck then strike they

### *For the Sewant and Flounder.*

BEhold some others ranged all along,  
To take the *Sewant*, yea the *Flounder* sweet,  
That to the banke in deepest places throng,  
To shun the swifter streame that runs so fleet,  
And lie and feed the brakish waves among,  
Whereas the waters fresh and salt doe meet :  
And there the *Eele* & *Shad* sometimes is caught,  
That with the tide into the brooks are brought.

But by the way it shall not be amisse  
To understand that in the waters gray,  
Of floating fish two sundry kindes there is,  
The one that lives by raven and by prey,  
And of the weaker sort now that, now this,  
He bites, and spoiles, and kills, and beare away,  
And in his greedy gullet doth deuoure,  
As *Scyllas* gulfe, a ship within his power.

And these have wider mouthes to catch and take  
Their flying prey, whom swiftly they pursue,  
And

## The second Booke

And rowes of teeth like to a saw or rake,  
Wherewith their gotten game they bite & chew,  
And greater speede within the waters make,  
To let vpon the other simple crew,  
And as the Gray-hound steales vpon the hare,  
So doe they use to rush on them unware.

Vnequall Fate, that some are borne to bee  
Fearefull and milde, and for the rest a prey,  
And others are ordain'd to live more free  
Without controule or danger any way :  
So doth the Foxe the Lambe destroy wee see,  
The *Lion* fierce, the *Bever*, *Roe*, or *Gray*,  
The *Hawk*, the fowle the greater wrong the lesse  
The lofty proud, the lowly poore oppresse.

*For the Pike or Tench.*

**N**OW for to take this kinde of fish withall, (\*)  
It shall be needfull to have still in store  
Some living baits, as *Bleiks*, and *Roches* small,  
*Goodgion*, or *Loch*, not taken long before,  
Or yellow *Frogs* that in the waters craule,  
But all alive they must be evermore.

For as for baits that dead and dull doe lie,  
They least esteeme, and set but little by.

(\*) *A young whelpe, Kitlin, or such like, is good  
bait for a Luce.*

But



## Of the secrets of Angling.

But take good heed your line be sure and strong,  
The knots well knit, and of the soundest haire,  
Twisted with some well coloured silke among,  
And that you have no need your Rod to feare:  
For these great fish will strive and struggle long,  
Rod, line and all into the streame to beare.

And that your hook be not too small & weake,  
Least that it chance to stretch, or hap to break.

And as in *Arden* or the mountaine shoare,  
Of *Appennine* or craggy *Alps* among,  
The mastifes fierce that hunt the bristled Boare,  
Are harnised with *Curats* light and strong;  
So for these Fish, your line a foote or more,  
Must armed be with thinnest plate along,  
Or slender wyre well fastned thereunto,  
That will not slip nor easily undoe.

The other kinde that are unlike to these  
Doe live by corne or any other seed;  
Sometimes by crums of bread, of paste, or cheese,  
Or grasshoppers that in greene meadows breed,  
With brood of waspes, of hornets, doares, or bees,  
Lip berries from the bryar bush or weed,  
Bloud wormes, and snailles, or crawling Ientiles  
And buzzing flies that on the waters fall. (small,  
All

## The first Booke

All these are good, and many others more,  
To make fit baits, to take such kinde of Fish,  
So that some faire deep place you feede before,  
A day or two, with pale, with bole or dish;  
And of these meats doe use to throw in store,  
Then shal you have them bite as you would wish  
And ready sport to take your pleasure still,  
Of any sort that you like best to kill.

Thus serving them as often as you may,  
But once a weeke at least it must be done,  
If that to bite they make to long delay,  
As by your sport may be perceived soone:  
Then some great Fish doth feare the rest away,  
Whose fellowship and company they shun,  
Who neither in the bait doth take delight,  
Nor yet will suffer them that would to bite.

For this you must a remedie provide,  
Some *Roche* or *Bleik*, as I have shew'd before,  
Betweneath whose upper fin you close shall hide  
Of all your hooke the better halfe and more,  
And though the point appeare and may be spide,  
It makes no matter any whit therefore:  
But let him fall into the watry brim,  
And downe unto the bottome softly swim.

And

## *of the secrets of Angling.*

And when you see your Corke begin to move,  
And round about to soe and fetch a ring,  
Sometime to sinke, and sometime swim above,  
As doth the Duck within the warry spring,  
Yet make no hast your present hap to prove,  
Till with your float at last away he fling,  
Then may you safely strike and hold him short,  
And at your will prolong or end your sport.

But every Fish loves not each baite alike;  
Although sometimes they feed upon the same;  
But some doe one, and some another seeke,  
As best unto their appetite doe frame,  
The *Roch*, the *Bream*, the *Carp*, the *Chub*, & *Bleike*,  
With past or Corne their greedy hunger tame,  
The *Dace*, the *Ruffe*, the *Gnoddion* and the rest.  
The smallest sort of crawling wormes love best.

The *Cavender* and *Chub* doe more delight  
To feed on tender Cheese, or Cherries red,  
Black snailles, their bellies slit to shew their white  
Or Grashoppers that skip in every Meade,  
The *Pearch*, the *Tench*, and *Eele* doe rather bite  
At great red wormes, in Field or Garden bred,  
That have been scowr'd in mosse or fenell rough  
To rid their filth, and make them hard & tough  
D And



## The third Booke

And with this baite hath often taken bin  
The *Salmon* faire of River fresh the best;  
The *Shad* that in the Spring-time commeth in,  
The *Suall* swift, that is not set by least,  
The *Bosher* sweet, the pleasant *Flounder* thin,  
The *Peele*, the *Tweat*, the *Batling* and the rest,  
With many more that in the deepe doth lye  
Of *Avon*, *Vske*, of *Severne*, and of *Wye*.

Alike they bite, alike they pull downe low  
The sinking Corke that strives to rise againe,  
And when they feele the sudden deadly blow,  
Alike they shun the danger and the paine:  
And as an arrow from the *Scythian* bow,  
All flye alike into the streame aaine,  
Vntill the *Angler* by his wary skill,  
There tyres them out, & brings them up at will.

Yet furthermore it doth behove to know,  
That for the most part Fish doe seeke their foode  
Vpon the ground, or deepest bottome low,  
Or at the top of water freame, or flood;  
And so you must your hooke and baite bestow,  
For in the midst you shall do little good,  
For heauey things downe to the bottome fall,  
And light doe swim, and seldome sinke at all.

All

## of the secrets of Angling.

All Summer long aloft the fishes swimme,  
Delighted with faire *Phabus* shining ray,  
And lie in waite within the waters dimme,  
For flies and gnats that on the top doe play,  
Then halfe a yard beneath the vpper brimme,  
It shall be best your bayted hooke to lay,  
With gnat or flie of any sort or kinde,  
That every month on leaves or trees you finde.

But when your Line must have no lead at all,  
And but a slender Corke, or little Quill,  
To stay the bayte that downe it doe not fall,  
But hang a linke within the water still,  
Or else upon the top thereof you shall  
With quicker hand, and with more ready skill  
Let fall your flie, and now and then remove,  
Which soone the Fish will find, & better love.

And in the streame likewise they use to be  
At tails of flood-yates, or at Arches wide,  
Or shallow flats, where as the waters free  
With fresher springs, and swifter course do slide:  
And then of Waspe the brood that cannot flie,  
Upon a Tyle-stone first a little dried,  
Or yealow bobs turn'd up before the Plough,  
Are chiefeſt baytes, with Cork & Lead enough.

## The second Booke

But when the golden Chariot of the Sunne,  
Departing from our Northern countries farre  
Beyond the ballance, now his course hath runne,  
And goes to warme the cold *Antarcticke* starre,  
And Summers heat is almost spent and done.

With new approach of Winters dreadfull warre :

Then doe the Fish withdraw into the deepe,  
And low from sight and cold more close doe  
(keepe.

Then on your lines you may have store of Lead,  
And bigger Corkes of any fize you will,  
And where the fish are used to be fed,  
There shall you lay upon the bottome still,  
And whether that your bayte be Cornes or bread,  
Or Wormes, or Paste, it doth not greatly skill,

For these alone are to be used then,

Vntill the spring, or summer come againe.

Thus have I shew'd how fish of diuers kinde  
Best taken are, and how their baytes to know;  
But *Phœbus* now beyond the western *Iude*;  
Beginneth to descend, and draweth low,  
And well the weather serues, and gentle winde  
Down with the tide, and pleasant streame to row

Vnto some place where wee may rest us in,

Vntill wee shall another time begin.

*The end of the second Booke.*





## *The third Booke.*

**N**OW falls it out in order to declare,  
What time is best to *Angle* in aright;  
And when the chiefe and fittest Season are  
Wherein the fish are most dispos'd to bite,  
What wind doth make, & which againe doth mar  
The *Anglers* sport, wherein he takes delight,  
And how he may with pleasure best aspire,  
Vnto the wished end of his desire.

For there are times in which they will not bite,  
But doe forbear, and from their food refraine,  
And dayes there are wherein they most delight  
To labour for the same, and bite amaine:  
So, he that can these seasons finde aright,  
Shall not repent his travell spent in vaine,  
To walke a mile or two amidst the fields,  
Reaping the fruite this harmles pleasure yeelds.

## *The third Booke*

And as a ship in safe and quiet roade  
Vnder some hill or harbour doth abide,  
With all her freight, her tackling and her load,  
Attending still the winde and wished tide,  
Which when it serves, no longer makes aboade,  
But forth into the watery deepe doth slide,  
And through the waves divides her fairest way  
Vnto the place where she intends to stay.

So must the *Angler* be provided still,  
Of diuers tooles, and sundry baites in store;  
And all things else pertaining to his skill,  
Which he shall get and lay up long before,  
That when the weather frameth to his will,  
Hee may be well appointed evermore,  
To take fit time when it is offered ever,  
For time in one estate abideth never.

### *The qualities of an Angler.*

**B**Ut ere I further goe, it shall behove  
To show what gifts and qualities of minde  
Belongs to him that doth this pastime love;  
And what the vertues are of every kinde,  
Without the which it were in vaine to proove,  
Or to expect the pleasure he should finde,  
No more then hee that having store of meate,  
Hath lost all lust and appetite to eate.

For

## *of the secrets of Angling.*

For what availes to Brooke or Lake to goe,  
With handsome Rods and Hookes of every sort,  
Well twisted Lines, and many trinckets moe,  
To finde the Fish within their watry fort,  
If that the minde be not contented so,  
But wants those gifts that should the rest support  
And make his pleasure to his thoughts agree,  
With these therefore he must endued be.

The first is Faith, not wavering and unstable,  
But such as had that holy \* Patriark old, \* Abrahā,  
That to the highest was so acceptable  
As his increase and off-spring manifold  
Exceeded far the stars innumerable,  
So must he still a firme perswasion hold,  
That where as waters, brook & lakes are found,  
There store of Fish without all doubt abound.

For nature that hath made no empty thing,  
But all her works doth well and wisely frame,  
Hath fild each Brook, each River, Lake & spring  
With creatures, apt to live amidst the same;  
Even as the earth, the ayre, and Seas doe bring  
Forth Beasts, and Birds of sundry sort and name,  
And give them shape, ability and sence,  
To live and dwell therein without offence.



## *The third Booke*

The second guift and qualitie is Hope,  
The Anchor hold of every hard desire;  
That having of the day fo large a fcope,  
He fhall in time to wifhed hap afpire,  
And ere the Sun hath left the heavenly cope  
Obtaine the fport and game he doth desire,  
And that the fifh though fomme time flow to bite  
Will recompence daily with more delight.

The third is love, and liking to the game,  
And to his friend and neighbour dwelling by;  
For greedy pleasure not to fpoile the fame,  
Nor of his fifh fome portion to deny  
To any that are fickly, weake, or lame,  
For rather with his Line and Angle try  
In Pond or Brooke to doe what in him lies,  
To take fuch ftore for them as may fuffice.

Then followeth Patience, that the furious flame  
Of Choller cooles, and Paflions put to flight,  
As doth a skillfull rider breake and tame  
The Courfer will, and teach him tread aright:  
So patience doth the minde difpofe and frame,  
To take mishaps in worth, and count them light,  
As losse of Fifh, Line, Hooke, or Lead, or all,  
Or other chance that often may befall.

The

## *of the secrets of Angling.*

The fift good guift is low humilitie,  
A when a Lyon coucheth for his pray  
So must he stoope or kneele upon his knee,  
To save his line or put the weeds away,  
Or lie along sometime if need there be,  
For any let or chance that happen may,  
And not to scorne to take a little paine,  
To serve his turne his pleasure to obtaine.

The sixt is painefull strength and courage good,  
The greatest to incounter in the Brooke,  
If that he happen in his angrie mood,  
To snatch your baite, and beare away your hooke,  
With wary skill to rule him in the flood,  
Vntill more quiet, tame, and milde he looke,  
And all adventures constantly to heare.  
That may betide without mistrust or feare.

Next unto this is liberalitie,  
Feeding them oft with full and plentious hand.  
Of all the rest a needfull qualitie,  
To draw them nere the place where you wil stand  
Like to the antient hospitality,  
That sometimes dwelt in *Albions* fertile land,  
But now is sent away into exile,  
Beyond the bounds of *Isabellas* Ile.

The

## *The third Booke*

The eight is knowledge how to finde the way  
To make them bite when they are dull and flow,  
And what doth let the same and breeds delay,  
And every like impediment to know,  
That keeps them from their food & wonted pray  
Within the streame, or standing waters low,  
And with experience skilfully to prove,  
All other faults to mend or to remoue.

The ninth is placability of minde,  
Contented with a reasonable dish,  
Yea though sometime no sport at all he finde,  
Or that the weather prove not to his wish,  
The tenth is thanks to that God, of each kinde,  
To net and bait doth send both Foule and Fish,  
And still reserves enough in secret store,  
To please the rich, and to relieue the poore.

The eleventh good guift and hardest to indure,  
Is fasting long from all superfluous fare,  
Vnto the which he must himselfe inure,  
By exercise and use of dyet spare,  
And with the liquor of the waters pure  
Acquaint himselfe if he cannot forbear,  
And never on his greedy belly think  
From rising Sun, untill a low he sinke.

The



## *of the secrets of Angling.*

The twelfth and last of all is memory,  
Remembring well before he setteth out,  
Each needfull thing that he must occupie,  
And not to stand of any want in doubt,  
Or leave something behinde forgetfully:  
When he hath walk't the fields & brookes about,  
It were a grieve backe to returne againe,  
For things forgot, that should his sport main-  
(taine.

Here then you see what kinde of qualities,  
An *Angler* should indued be withall,  
Besides his skill and other properties,  
To serve his turne, as to his lot doth fall:  
But now what season for this exercise,  
The fittest is, and which doth serve but small,  
My Muse, vouchsafe some little ayde to lend,  
To bring this also to the wished end.

### *Season and time not to Angle.*

**F**irst, if the weather be too dry & hot, (plaine  
And scalds with scorching heat the lowly  
As if that youthfull *Phaeton* had got  
The guiding of his Fathers Carre againe,  
Or that it seem'd *Apollo* had forgot  
His light-foote steedes to rule with stedfast reines,  
It is not good with any line or Hooke,  
To angle then in River, Pond, or Brooke.

Or

## The third Booke

Or when cold *Boreas* with his frosty beard,  
Lookes out from vnderneath the lesser Beare,  
And makes the weary trauailer afeard,  
To see the valeys covered every where  
With Ice and Snow, that late so Greene appear'd,  
The waters stand as if of Steele they were:

And hoary frosts doe hang on every bough,  
Where freshest leaves of summer late did grow.

So neither if *Don Aëolus* lets goe, (23)  
His blustering windes out of the hollow deepe,  
Where he their strife and struggling too and fro,  
With triple forke doth still in order keepe,  
They rushing forth, doe rage with tempests so,  
As if they would the world together sweepe,  
And ruffling so with sturdy blasts they blow,  
The tree and house sometimes they overthrow.

(23) *The stronger the winde blowes (so you may abide it, and guide your tooles) and the colder the Summer dayes is, the better will they bue, and the closer shall you come to them.*

Besides, when shepheard & the swaines prepare,  
Vnto the Brookes with all their flockes of sheep,  
To wash their fleeces & to make them faire, (24)  
In every poole and running water deepe.

The

## of the secrets of Angling.

The favour of the wooll doth so impaire,  
The pleasant streames, & plunging that they keep  
As if that *Lethe*-flood ran every where,  
Or bitter *Doris* intermingled were.

(24) I rather thinke the kades and other filch that  
alls from ships doe so glur the fish, that they will not  
ake any artificiall bayte. The same is the reason of  
the flood, washing down worms, flies, Frog-clocks, &c.

Or when land floods through long & sudden rain  
Discending from the hills and higher ground,  
The sand and mud the christall streames do strain  
And make them rise above their wonted bound,  
To overflow the fields and neighbour plaine,  
The fruitful soyle and Meadows faire are drownd  
The husbandman doth leese his grasse and hay,  
The bankes their trees, and bridges borne away.

So when the leaves begin to fall apace,  
And bough and branch are naked to be seene,  
While nature doth her former worke deface,  
Vnclothing bush, and tree, of Summers greene,  
Whose scattered spoyles lie thicke in every place,  
As sands on shore, or starres the poles betweene,  
And top and bottome of the rivers fill,  
To *Angle* then I also thinke it ill.



## The third Booke

All winds are hurtfull, if too hard they blow, (25)  
The worst of all is that out of the East,  
Whose nature makes the Fish to biting flow,  
And lets the pastime most of all the rest,  
The next that comes from countries clad with  
And *Articque* pole, is not offensive least.

The Sout herne winde is counted best of all,  
Then, that which riseth where the sunne doth fall.

(25) *I finde no difference of windes except too colde  
or too hot, which is not the winde, but the season.*

### *Best time and season to Angle.*

**B**Ut if the weather stedfast be and cleare, (26)  
Or overcast with clouds, so it be dry,  
And that no signe nor token there appeare,  
Of threatning storme through all the empty skie,  
But that the ayre is calme, and void of feare,  
Of ruffling windes, or raging tempests hie,  
Or that with milde and gentle gale they blow,  
Then is it good unto the brooke to goe.

(26) *Cleere cannot be good, by reason of the offen-  
sive sight.*

And when the floods are fall'n, and past away,  
And carried have the droggs into the deepe,

And

## of the secretsof Angling.

And that the waters waxe more thin and gray,  
And leave their bankes above them high & steep,  
The milder streame of colour like to whay,  
Within his bounds his wonted course doth keep,  
And that the winde is South or else by-west,  
To angle then is time and season best.

When faire *Aurora* rising early shewes (27)  
Her blushing face beyond the Easterne hills,  
And dyes the heavenly vault with purple rewes,  
That far abroad the world with brightnesse fills,  
The Medows Greene are hoare with silver dewes,  
That on the earth the sable night distills,  
And chanting birds with merry notes bewray  
The neere approaching of the chearfull day.

(27) *The morning can no way be good because the  
Fish have beene at reliefe all the night, as all other  
wilde creatures. And on the day they rest or sport, in  
the evening is the fittest, then hunger begins to bite.*

Then let him goe to River, Brook, or Lake,  
That loves the sport, where store of fish abound,  
And through the pleasant fields his journey make,  
Amidst sweet Pastures, Medows fresh and sound,  
Where he may best his choice of pastime take,  
While swift *Hyperion* runnes his circle round;  
And as the place shall to his liking prove,  
There still remaine, or further else remove.

To

## The third Booke

To know each fishes haunt.

**N**OW that the *Angler* may the better know  
Where he may finde each fish he doth re-  
Since some delight in waters still and flow, (quire,  
And some doe love the Mud and slimy mire;  
Some others where the streame doth swifter flow,  
Some stony ground, and gravell some desire,  
Here shall he learne how every sort doth seeke,  
To haunt the Layre that doth his nature like.

*Carpe, Eele, and Tench*, doe love a muddie ground,  
*Eeles* under stones or hollow rootes doe lye;  
The *Tench* among thicke weeds is soonest found,  
The fearefull *Carpe* into the deepe doth flye,  
*Bream, Chub and Pike* where clay & sand abound  
*Pike* loves great pooles, and places full of fry:  
The *Chub* delights in streame or shady trees,  
And tender *Bream* in broadest lake to be.

The *Salmon* swift the Rivers sweet doth like,  
Where largest streames into the Sea are led:  
The spotted *Trout* the smaller Brooke doth seeke,  
And in the deepest hole there hides his head;

The



## of the secrets of Angling.

The prickled *Pearch* in every hollow creek, (28)  
Hard by the banke, and sandy shore is fed,  
*Pearch*, *Trout*, and *Salmon* love cleare waters all,  
Green weedy roots, and stony gravell small.

(28) *The Trout* lies in the deep, but feeds in the  
streame, under a bush; bray, foame, &c.

So doth the *Bulhead*, *Gnodgion* and the *Loach*,  
Who most in shallow Brookes delight to be,  
The *Ruffe*, the *Dace*, the *Barbell*, and the *Roach*,  
Gravell and sand doe love in lesse degree,  
But to the deep and shade doe more approach,  
And over head some covert love to see,  
Offspreading *Poplar*, *Oake* or willow greene,  
Where underneath they lurke for being seen.

The mighty *Luce* great waters haunts alway,  
And in the stillest place thereof doth lye,  
Save when he rangeth forth to seek his prey,  
And swift among the fearefull fish doe flye,  
The dainty *Humber* loves the marley clay,  
And clearest streames of champion country hye,  
And in the chiefeest pooles thereof doth rest,  
Where he is soonest found and taken best.

## The second Booke

The *Cavender* amidst the waters faire,  
In swiftest streames doth most himfelfe bestow,  
The *Shad* and *Tweat* do rather like the laire,  
Of brackish waves, where it doth ebbe and flow,  
And thither also doth the flock repaire,  
And flat upon the bottom lieth low,  
The *Peel* the *Mullet* and the *Suant* good  
Doe like the same, and therein seek their food.

But here experience doth my skill exceed,  
Since divers Countreys, divers Rivers have;  
And divers Rivers change of waters breed,  
And change of waters sundry fish do crave,  
And sundry Fish in divers places feed,  
As best doth like them in the liquid wave,  
So that by use and practise may be knowne,  
More then by art or skill can well be showne.

So then it shalbe needlesse to declare,  
What sundry kinds there lye in secret store,  
And where they doe resort, and what they are,  
That may be still discovered more and more:  
Let him that list no paine nor travell spare  
To seek them out as I have done before,  
And then it shall not discontent his minde,  
New choice of place, and chang of game to find.

The

# *of the secrets of Angling.*

## *The best houres of the day to Angle.*

**F**ROM first appearing of the rising Sun, *vid.* (27)  
Till nine of clocke low vnder water best  
The Fish will bite, and then from nine to noone,  
From noone to foure they doe refraine and rest,  
From foure againe till *Phæbus* swift hath runne,  
His dayly course, and setteth in the West:  
But at the sic aloft they use to bite,  
All sommer long from nine till it be night.

Now leaſt the *Angler* leave his tooles behinde,  
For lacke of heed, or haſte of his deſire,  
And ſo inforced with vnwilling minde,  
Muſt leave his game, and backe againe retire,  
Such things to fetch, as there he cannot finde  
To ſerue his turne when neede ſhall moſt require,  
Here ſhall he haue to helpe his memory,  
A leſſon ſhort of every wants ſupply.

Light Rod to ſtrike, long line to reach withall,  
Strong hooke to holde the fiſh he hap to hit.  
Spare lines and hookes, what ever chance doe fall,  
Baites quicke and dead to bring them to the bit,  
Fine Lead & quilts, with corks both great & ſmall  
Knife, File and thred, and little Basket fit,



# The third Booke

Plummet to sound the depth of clay & sand,  
With pole and net to bring them safe to land.

And now we are arived at the last,  
In wished harbour where we meane to rest,  
And make an end of this our journey past:  
Here then in quiet road I think it best  
We strike our sailes and stedfast anchor cast,  
For now the Sunne low setteth in the West,  
And yee *Boat-Swaines*, a merry *Carroll* sing,  
To him that safely did vs hither bring.

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FINIS.

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*would'st thou catch Fish?*

*Then heere's thy wish;*

*Take this receipt,*

*To anoynt thy Baite.*

**T**Hou that desir'st to fish with line and hook,

Be it in poole, in River, or in Brooke,

To blisse thy bait, and make the fish to bite,

Loe here's a meanes, if thou canst hit it right,

Take gum of life, fine beat, and laid to soak (29)

In oyle, well drawne from that which kills the oak:

Fish where thou wilt, thou shalt have sport thy fill.

When twenty faile, thou shalt be sure to kill. (30)

*Probatum.*

*It's perfect and good,*

*If well understood:*

*Else not to be told*

*For Silver or Gold.*

R.R.

## The third Booke.

(29) I have heard much of an oyntment that will presently caus any fish to bite, but I could never attain the knowledg thereof, the nearest in mine opinion (except this Probatum) is the oyle of an Ospraye, which is called *Aquila marina*: the Sea Aegle. She is of body neare the bignesse of a goose, one of her feet is web'd to swim withall, the other hath tallents to catch fish. It seemes the fish come up to her, for she cannot dive.

Some likelihood there is also in a paste made of *Colulus Indie*, *Alia fatida*, honny and wheat flower, but I never tride them, therefore I cannot prescribe.

(30) That which kills the Oake, I conjecture to be Ivie, till I change my minde.

---

This excellent receipt you may buy ready and truely made, at the signe of the Flyng-Horse, an Apothecaries in Carter-lane.

---

Certaine



# Certaine observations for- gotten.

Chevan and Chub are one.

The { Shotrell, 1 yeare,  
Pickerel, 2 year,  
Pike, 3 yeare  
Luce, 4 yeare } are one.

The Summer, May, Iune, and Iuly are fittest for  
Angling.

Fish are the fattest in Iuly.

Fish commonly spawnne at Michaeltide.

After spawning, they be kipper and out of season.

They thrust up little Brookes to spawnne, the Trout  
and Salmon will have lying on their backs.

All the Summer-time, great Fish goe downe-wards  
to deepes.

Barre netting, and night-hooking, where you loue  
Angling.

When you Angle at ground, your line must be no lon-  
ger then your Rod.

Hee that is more greedy of Fish than sport, let him  
haue three or foure angles fitted and baited, and layd  
in severall pools, you shall sometimes have them all  
sped at once.

If you goe forth in, or immediatly after a shower, and  
take the water in the first rising, & fish in the stream  
at ground with a red worm, you may lead your selfe

## The third Booke

if there be store. Thus may any botcher kill fish.  
For want of a panier, spit your fish by the gills, on a  
small wicker; or such like.

I use a pouch of parchment with many several places  
to put my hooks and lines in.

I use a rod of two parts, to joyne in the midst when I  
come to the river, with two pins & a little hempe wa-  
xed thus the pins joyne it, the hemp fastens it firmly.

---

A Whale-bone made round no bigger then a  
wheat-straw at the top, yeelds well, and strikes well.

Let your Rod be without knots; they are dangerous  
for breaking, and boughts are troublesome.

Keep your rod, neither to dry nor to moist, least  
they grow brittle, or rotten.

When you angle in drought, wet your rod, it will  
not break so soone.

You shall hardly get a rod of one peice; but either  
crook't, or top heavy, or unequall growne

Enterprife no mans ground without leave, break no  
mans hedg to his losse.

Pray to God with your heart to  
blesse your lawfull exercise.

## FINIS

